

**Quakere's Musical Eruption in Boston.**

Vesuvius has already spoken in very decided terms and deafened the ears and blinded the eyes of the Neapolitans and their visitors by its frequent explosions and lava glare, and unhappily the loss of human life has been a sad feature of the last eruption. The International Peace Jubilee promises to be an eruption of a different kind next month in Boston. Then contending forces will be drawn together from all parts of the world, and the loud-tongued flute will mingle its squeak with the dulcet trombone, the violin squeal with the soft whisper of the prize fiddle horn, the melancholy bagpipes with the gentle drum, whose circumference is said to exceed that of the shield of Achilles, or, perhaps, the orb of fair Luna herself, and the whistle of the locomotive with the heart-rending harmonies of the hand organ. Sturdy blacksmiths will make the anvils ring amid the roar of artillery and torpedo explosions that mark the commencement of each musical measure, and an enthusiastic dozen of the Neck hints towards the probability of arrangements being made with California to supply a first class earthquake, with special submarine thunder thrown in, for the performance of the "Star-Spangled Banner." And amid this whirlwind of sound, this eruption of noises, this blatant invocation of sounds, what Bostonian, even of the most adamant ears, can think of peace or international amity? Why, the Franco-German war was but a murmur of soft cadences in comparison to the tempest of noise to be hurled on the devoted head of the fluke. Still, the modern Athenians seem to take it, and judging from the results of the last jubilee, they also thrive on it.

The proceedings so far augur well for the complete carrying out of the colossal programme. Mme. Paschka Leutner, of Leipzig, celebrated German prima donna; the Grenadier's Guard Band, from London, under the direction of Mr. God-